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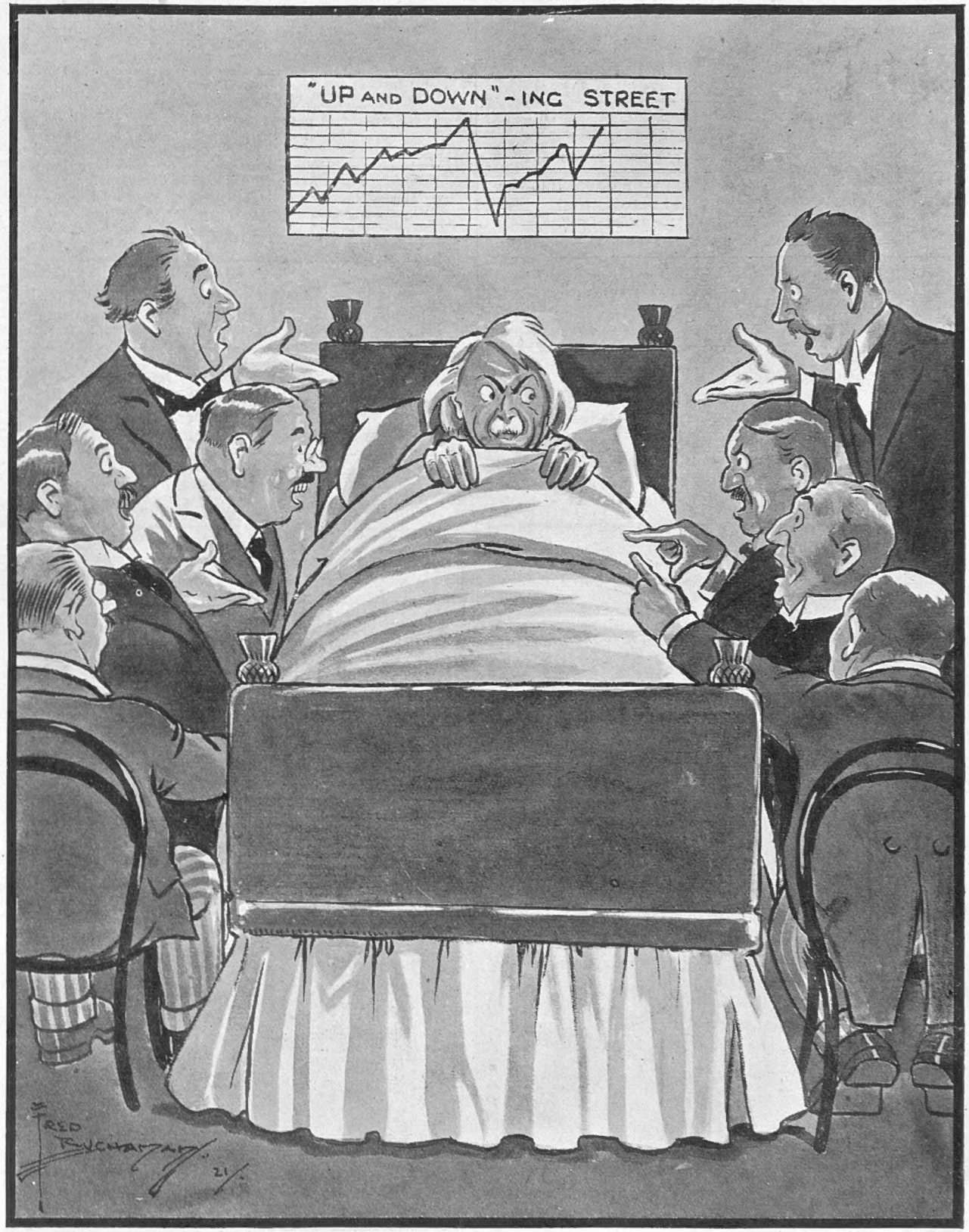
The BYSTANDER



BY FRED BUCHANAN

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Excess Profits

It is strange that we should bear so patiently with the profiteer. I do not mean the people who still charge outrageously for the things that one does not purchase very frequently, from houses to overcoats, but the every day or twice a day profiteer. Restaurants are still full of men paying anything from 50 per cent. to 150 per cent. too much for their luncheons and dinners—not luncheons and dinners *de luxe*, but the ordinary luncheon or dinner that a man has to eat but cannot get home for, or has no home for it—there are such people and they are great supporters of restaurants. But take the ordinary individual with a home, he is still quietly paying for meals in restaurants as though food were very scarce and the British Isles still surrounded by German submarines.

Suffering in Silence

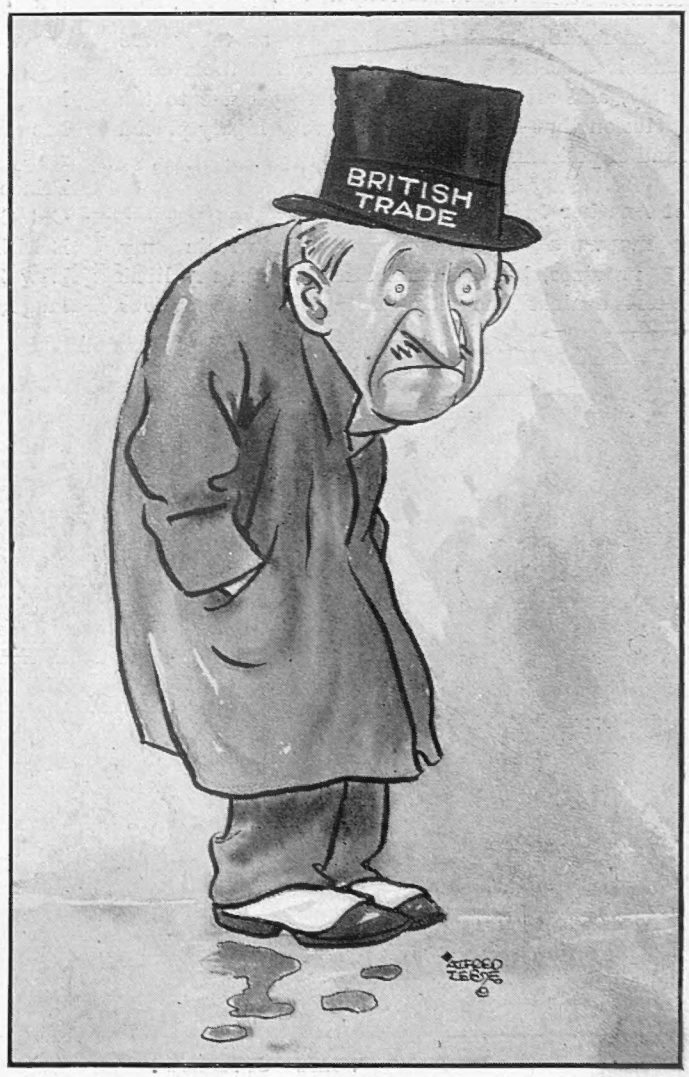
He knows he is being swindled. He knows what similar meals cost at home, and even there his tradesmen are still "doing" him. He knows what allowance to make for "overhead expenses," "taxes," and all the other evils that are trotted out if he sometimes mildly remonstrates. He, too, suffers from all these things in his own establishment. But it is no use, apparently, to say a word. He must pay as though the War had made him rich instead of poor. If we all put ourselves on the rations which we made suffice at the worst period of the war, we should not have to keep it up long. Restaurants of every class would soon get tired of doing that sort of business. But it is quite hopeless to suppose that we would do anything of the sort.

Throwing It About

I was talking the other day to a lady, an excellent and experienced housekeeper, and this topic cropped up, as it does so often. She confessed, and did so with shame, that, while it used to be her pride to get a shilling's worth for every shilling she spent, to-day she does not trouble about it. "I ought to be more careful than ever I was," she said, "but instead of that, I am what in the old days I should have called reckless—and I don't have a pang of remorse. I believe it is because we have a sort of feeling that our money has to be taken off us by somebody, and that it does not matter much by whom." I suppose there is something in her explanation. But to me it seems that those whom circumstances so favoured in the War that their profits more than kept pace with their contribution to the general cost, have become a favoured class who must suffer nothing. Lower down in the financial scale than the prosperous tradesman we have the so-called "working-man," who demands more money for doing nothing than he could fairly earn at work

Philosophy of Clothes

I read that "it is safe to prophesy that London is to have a full-dress winter." Silk hats, the latest things in white waistcoats, and no more of the knocking about in lounge suits at night that some people thought would last for ever. Well, I think this is quite right. A very stern moralist might say that all the money spent on such things, purely decorative and unprofitable, should be applied to more practical purposes. But he would be wrong. The moralist often forgets "moral," or "*morale*," which is all important. However distressful the times



UNEMPLOYED By Alfred Leete

may be London should be as smart as she can. A dowdy, shabby London would be a very evil omen. A "dirty" soldier is generally past all help, and for London to leave off creasing its trousers and brushing its hat would mark her as on the down grade. But there was never any fear of it. Berlin, in her palmiest days, failed miserably to achieve smartness. Her attempt was pathetic. Now that she has resumed her natural dowdiness she is herself again—and perhaps more dangerous than ever. But London must be smart.

A Busy Bishop

THE Bishop of Southwark will probably have some interesting experiences on his walking tour through his diocese. But he will have one handicap in his possibilities of fun. Everyone who sees him will probably know at once that he is a Bishop, and talk and behave himself accordingly. The late Bishop of Bangor, when he was appointed, determined to visit every parish in his diocese. For him, walking was out of the question, the country was too wide and wild. To much of it the railway had not penetrated, and much of it was difficult even for horses. In many places a Bishop had scarcely been heard of, let alone seen. On one occasion, the Bishop told me, he overheard some peasants discussing him, they little knew that he was as familiar with their language as they were themselves. His episcopal garb puzzled them completely, and after many surmises they came to the conclusion that he must be some very highly placed brand of policeman!

Yet Another Indiscretion

REVIEWING books comes not within my province, but I should like to make my little protest against one silly passage in *Recollections and Reflections* by a lady who has already published *Memories Discreet and Indiscreet* and *Further Indiscretions*. In her latest book, speaking of the great popularity of the Prince of Wales, she says, "I have always been sorry he was not allowed to have some nice little harmless wound; it would have been the biggest political move of the War. The Mother Country would have gone mad with loyalty, love, and admiration, and believed then that he really was fighting for the old country." Has anyone ever read such twaddle? It is not a "Recollection," and if the authoress thinks it a "Reflection" it is so only in the sense of being one upon her own ineptitude.

The Plain Truth

WHAT can this ridiculous lady mean by the Prince not being "allowed" to have a wound? We all know that we are fortunate in that the Prince came out of the War alive, on one occasion in particular he escaped death by a mere second. What kind of "a political move" can she really think it would have been to have led the Prince of Wales, or any other young soldier, up to the Germans and trusted them to give him merely "a blighty"?

Ask "Tommy"

CAN the authoress live in such a remote fastness as to be ignorant of the "loyalty, love, and admiration" that the "Mother Country" has for the Prince of Wales? And does she really suppose that we do not know that the Prince of Wales "really was fighting for the Old Country"? If so, she has only to ask any British soldier, any "Digger," any Canadian or New Zealander. They will tell her in good army language what they think of the Prince. She would be well-advised not to broach her idea of "having him wounded," as if the process were merely one of vaccination or some other form of inoculation.

SOME OPTIMIST!

By W. E. WIGFULL

"No thought of failure disturbs our serenity"—GREEK MINISTER

"Journalese"

BUT, of course, our lady friend needs no such information. She wanted to write a paragraph about the Prince. Let us hope she never reflected how silly and tasteless her effort was.

Bolshevist "Good Faith"

GENERALLY, one hates the sort of people who say "I told you so" whenever the occasion arises. Whether they be right

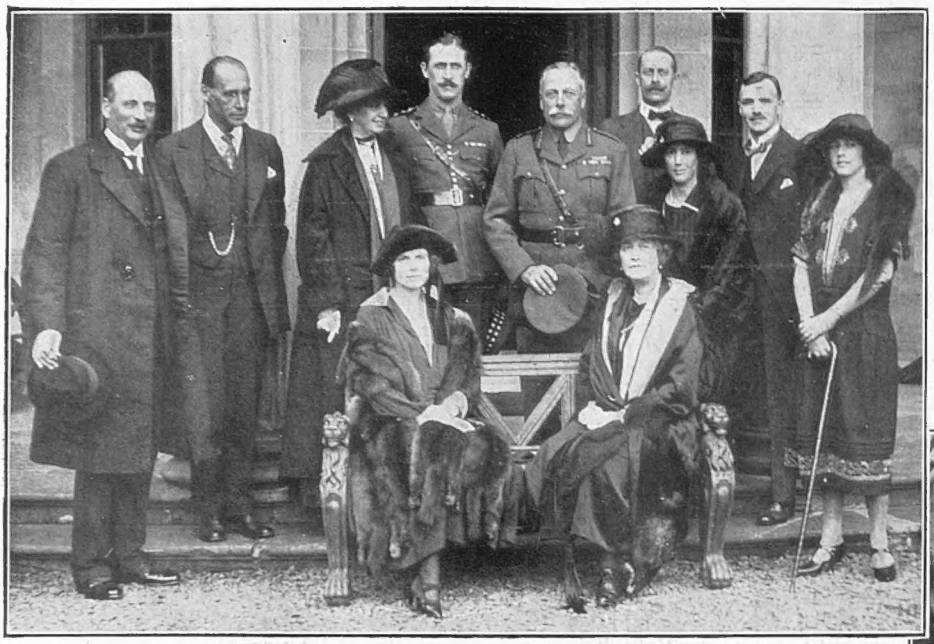
By E. T. Reed

"LORD BIRKENHEAD IS GROWING A MOUSTACHE" (*Stop Press telegram from Scotland*)
We trust he will not do anything thoughtless in such matters! These things ought *never* to be done without calling in a Committee of Experts (caricaturists, of course)

or wrong makes little difference — indeed that difference merely enhances one's dislike in strict proportion to the rectitude of their previous counsels. But there are times when "I told you so" is amply justified, and one of them has just arisen. The Bystander has long and firmly decried all dealings on the part of the British Government with so-called Bolshevist "authority" in Russia. Lord Curzon's warning Note, published last week, clearly shows how much we are able to rely on Bolshevist "good faith." That "how much" is, in this case, precisely and absolutely *nil*. There isn't a man in this country worthy the name who, if the question were baldly put to him, would willingly have any truck whatever with Lenin and Co.

"The Explorers"

It is satisfactory to note that all the important Ministers who had business there found their way last week without mishap to the Premier's holiday stronghold in the fastnesses of Gairloch. But, when you come to think of it, eighty miles north of a railway station among the Scottish hills is a mere nothing to such accomplished travellers. For have they not, each and every one, been spending the last twelve months in the thorough "exploration" of "avenues," "situations" and "fields"? If it were necessary for some obscure reason to hold a Cabinet meeting at the South Pole I should confidently expect to hear that these skilled explorers from Whitehall turned up to time, even if it took a dozen *Quests* to carry them and their secretaries!



Photograph *Central News*

EARL HAIG UNVEILS A WAR MEMORIAL AT MINTO

The House Party at Minto. Left to right: Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Bertram Talbot, Dowager Countess of Antrim, Earl of Minto, Earl Haig, Earl of Ellesmere, Mr. Clapperton, and (sitting) the Countess of Minto and the Dowager Countess of Minto

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Coventry-Phillips Marriage

I WONDER upon what authority the wedding gifts to the Coventry and Phillipps bride and bridegroom were announced in some newspapers as being worth a quarter of a million. The announcement was startling. It suggested a professional valuer—one of those nice, civil young men, irreproachably dressed, who appear when there is a death in the family or you have to sell your Lares and Penates to pay your income tax—going over the presents and jotting down in pounds, shillings *and* pence the value of every sugar-basin, cut-glass bowl, or cigarette-case given to the young couple in affection, friendship, or what testimonials to retiring mayors describe as "esteem."

It is the first time, to my knowledge, that such an announcement has been made in England. The impression it leaves is the mere advertisement of money, an advertisement to which one knows neither of the two families could have been a party, especially at this time, when unemployment grows apace.

The Two Families

THERE are few families in which, out of five sons, one is a viscount and a baronet, two are knights, and yet another one a baronet. But such is the record of the Phillipps family. The eldest son, Lord St. Davids, was made a baron before the death of his father, the twelfth baronet, whom he succeeded in the baronetcy. Later he was created a viscount. The next brother, Sir Ivor Phillipps, is a K.C.B. The second brother, Sir Owen Phillipps, the father of the bride, who will one day be my lady Countess of Coventry, is a G.C.M.G. The fourth brother, Sir Laurence, was created a baronet two years ago.

But of all the Phillipps family, Sir Owen and his beautiful wife, who was an heiress, figure most largely in the world where people do the big things.

At Chelsea House Lady Phillipps has taken up the sceptre of hospitality wielded so long by the late Lady Cadogan. She is a potent personality at a time when personalities amongst hostesses are lacking.

Mr. Coventry, the youthful bridegroom, is the grandson of the octogenarian Lord Coventry, one of the old order of sportsmen, and one time Master of the Buckhounds. Through his grandmother, Mr. Coventry was related to Lord Craven, whose

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE COVENTRY-PHILLIPS WEDDING

The Hon. George Coventry (son of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst) and his bride, formerly Miss Nesta Donne Phillips (daughter of Sir Owen Phillips, M.P., and Lady Phillips), leaving St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen

Photograph *Bertram Park*

MRS. WILLIAMS-BULKELEY

Widow of Major Richard Williams-Bulkeley, whose engagement is announced to—

CAPTAIN R. F. NORMAN

Late Leicestershire Regiment and R.A.F., who served with the Forces from 1914 to 1919

tragic death this year at Cowes made so sad a sensation. In the late 'nineties one of Mr. Coventry's aunts, Lady Anne Coventry, made at least a fortnight's talk by her marriage to Prince Victor Duleep Singh, the son of the Indian Prince from whom King Edward, as Prince of Wales, bought Sandringham. It was the first time an English woman of high rank had married an Indian Prince, and every British prejudice was aroused. But Prince Victor Duleep Singh was entirely English by training, and had served in the Army in the 1st Dragoons. The marriage was a happy one in spite of all the croakings. Prince Victor died three years ago, and his widow, like Lady Millicent Hawes, formerly Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, spends most of her time in Paris.

When the Burglar is a-Burgling

THE number of burglaries in houses and flats in London is causing much anxiety, I am told, to the police. The skill with which locked doors are opened is baffling. Formerly only big houses which promised good "swag" in the way of plate and jewels were the hunting-ground of the burglar. But a new type of genus seems to have come into being since the War. It must find a ready market somewhere for what it steals, otherwise it would not take the risk. Here is an instance which, I am told, is typical of what is going on over a large area of the West End.

Photograph *Central News*

SIR JOHN SIMON

With Lady Simon, on holiday at Alberta, Canada

Photograph *Alexander Corbett*

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY

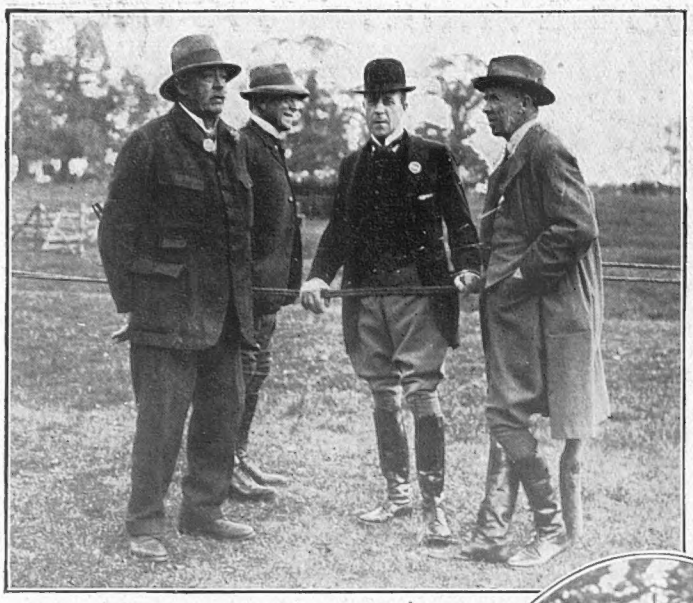
A new and unpublished portrait recently taken at Bagshot Park

A newly married couple went away for the week-end, leaving their modest house in the charge of two servants. On Sunday evening the two maids went to church, locking up the house securely. When they returned the place had been ransacked. Even their own beds had been turned upside down and the savings of one taken from that favourite hiding-place of servants for their pennies.

Nothing bulky had been taken—only jewellery, silver ornaments, all that was on the bridegroom's dressing-table, several of his suits, three small pictures of value, family miniatures, and twos and threes of sets of silver knives, and forks, spoons, and ivory-handled cutlery.

But the strangest thing of all was that the burglars took two of the husband's coats hanging in the hall, his tennis racquet and his golf clubs. This was a clever ruse.

The policeman on the beat saw three smartly dressed young men leave the house. One carried two suit-cases, the two others carried one suit-case; each of these had a coat over his arm, one



Photograph *Sport and General*

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT HORSE SHOW

Held at Kineton. Captain Allfrey, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Mr. Fielden (the two latter are joint Masters of the Warwickshire Hounds)

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT

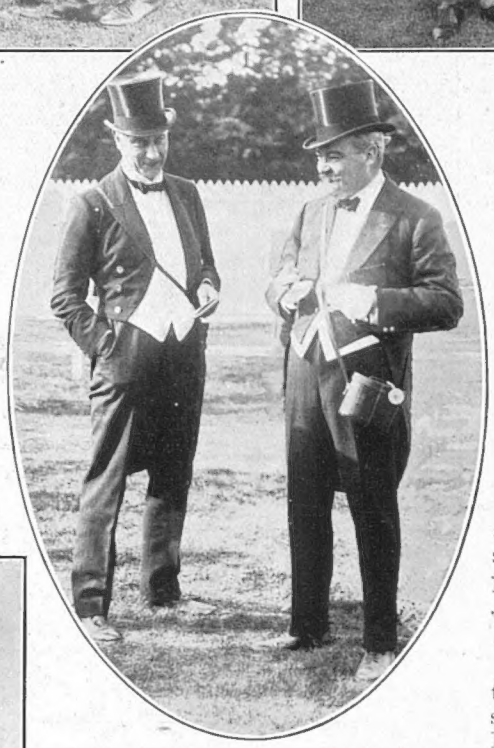
And Lanark Race Meeting at Lanark. Mrs. Stanley Loder, Lady Margaret Scott, and Mrs. Robertson Aikman of Ross

had a tennis racket and the other a bag of golf clubs. Naturally, it never entered the policeman's mind that anything was wrong. Two of the suit-cases had been stolen from the house; the others had been brought for the "swag."

Such burglaries, of course, can only be the result of the closest observation of the goings and comings of inmates of houses or flats. Very often servants or tradesmen are the innocent sources of information, but in this particular case the young husband and wife left at an hour's notice. The cab with their luggage must have been seen by one of these sinister watchers, and the three bided their time until they saw the maids go out to church the next evening.

No door or window had been forced, but the area door was found unlocked, which showed they had opened it with a skeleton key.

As I have said, there must be a ready market for such things as clothes, small ornaments, etc., which make up the bulk of the takings of the modern "swell" burglar. Morticed locks, a kindly policeman whose beat covers my doorway tells me, are the best bafflements for burglars. A lock in time may save you a burglary.



Photograph *Topical Press*

LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL

With Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine (President of the Royal Caledonian Hunt), at Lanark

Photograph *C. Vandyk, Ltd*

H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES OF BELGIUM

Second son of H.M. the King of the Belgians, who will accompany the Prince of Wales on his forthcoming trip to India

The Inverness Meeting

THE season in Scotland – a brilliant, glittering season socially, an exciting season politically with the Prime Minister at Gairloch, the Cabinet meeting at Inverness, envoys of Dail Eireann passing to and fro, and finally London mayors sitting on Mr. Lloyd George's doormat, came to an end with the Inverness meeting.

The Northern chieftains still make a brave show, but this year there were so many Americans that a cynical person suggested they ought to form a clan of their own, with a tartan of stars and stripes, "just to be in the picture."

The Call of the South

I HEAR from a friend on the Riviera that the happy folk who contemplate a departure to those pleasant shores will be wise to book rooms early. In some of the hotels at Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Nice rooms are already engaged months ahead. At Bordighera two friends of mine have been unable to get beds in any hotel for November, and have taken a small furnished villa with two other friends. Certainly the winter in London doesn't look promising, and for the ordinary person living the ordinary quiet life the less fashionable places on the French and Italian Rivieras are umpteen times cheaper than England. Even rich folk who go to the fashionable places find a difference.

A Brave Woman

IT must be about eighteen months ago that I told you the trials and adventures of an English lady, the owner of a big Russian property inherited from her mother, at the hands of the Bolshevists—of the sacking of her house, the theft of her plate and jewels, her imprisonment in Moscow, and her escape to England with the passport of a Russian friend who had died of starvation.

Women are amazingly brave creatures. One would have thought that all she had undergone would have made this lady thankful to remain in the safety of her father's country, where, if the Government does take a big share of your income in the shape of taxation, it does leave you in possession of what is yours. But no! Over a refuse heap in Moscow one of her former footmen told her that her jewels and plate—of great value—had been taken to a local bank. Determined to assert her rights as a British subject against the Bolshevist Government and claim her property this intrepid woman has endeavoured to re-enter Russia by way of Siberia.

Photograph *Val l'Estrange*

MISS IRIS IRMA LEVESON-GOWER

Eldest daughter of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Leveson-Gower, whose engagement is announced to Captain William Henry Bucbanan Mirrlees of the Royal Artillery

Her reason for going to Siberia was that she heard a necessary witness for her case was at Irkutsk. So to Irkutsk she went—how, nobody knows. But she got there. The result might have been anticipated by anybody acquainted in the slightest degree with the terrorism that reigns on both sides of the Urals to-day. She has been flung into prison in Irkutsk. But what pluck and dogged British determination to get back her own, although she might as well have tried to open an oyster with her finger-nails as try to get any booty—no matter what national to whom it may belong—from the Bolshevists!

Photograph *L. N. A.*

FASHIONABLE COUNTRY WEDDING

Major J. R. Lamb, D.S.O., and his bride (formerly Miss Grace Frances, daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Denys-Burton) with their attendants at Draycott Hall after the ceremony. Major Lamb was one of the first to win the D.S.O. in 1914

A Secret of the Russian Famine

THIS lady's estate gave a better corn return than any other property in the Volga province. Last year the Bolshevist Commissars commandeered not only the whole harvest from the peasants who were working the land, but the seed corn for this year's sowing as well. So, if there had been no drought the only harvest on that particular estate would have come from what fell into the earth from last year's ripened corn. In order to get bread for the cities the Commissars took every grain of corn last year they could lay their hands upon, utterly regardless of this year's harvest.

Photograph *G. P. U.*

WEDDING OF MISS VIOLET LORAINE

And Mr. Edward Raylton Joicey, M.C. The bride and bridegroom leaving St. Margaret's Westminster

Gilbert & Sullivan Still First Favourites!

MISS HELEN GILLILAND
Principal Soprano who is to play "Casilda"

MISS CATHERINE FERGUSON
Who is to be the "Tessa" of the revival

MISS ELSIE GRIFFIN
Who will play "Gianetta"

MISS BERTHA LEWIS (Contralto)
Who is to be the "Duchess of Plaza-Toro"

Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season at the Princes Theatre opens on October 3rd with "The Gondoliers"

THE LOVE THIEF AT THE COMEDY

By "JINGLE."
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IN this play, which appears to have been written under the influence of the immortal Giovanni Boccaccio, Mr. Norman McKinnel has a fine part to which he does the highest justice. He is Neri, a sort of Bravo of Florence, a man who is a lover of fine meats, strong wines, and fair women. The period of the play is the end of the fifteenth century, when the Medici family was in power and Lorenzo the Magnificent held his State as easily as a king. But Neri is a man who is bold almost to recklessness. He cares nothing for the Medicis, and if it came to that he would just as soon push the great Lorenzo himself off the pavement as anybody else. He comes to dine at a friend's house, bringing his mistress with him. (They were not so squeamish in the old Florentine days as we are now.) She is a very attractive young woman, and there are one or two likely young men who are doing their best to divert her affections from her protector.

ONE of these men is Giannetto, an extremely able performance by Mr. Ernest Thesiger. Giannetto is a poet. He is also a rather sickly young man who admits that he is a good deal of a coward. But even a coward would seem to need a bit of pluck in trying to win the love and esteem of a dare-devil's mistress. Neri and his brother Gabriello have already given Giannetto something to go on with by way of showing their appreciation of his impudence. We are told that they first of all pricked the youth with their daggers in such a way that he found sitting down to be a very painful process; and then they tied him in a sack and dragged him about the waters of the Arno till they tired of the sport. And since, after all this really unkind treatment, Giannetto is still forcing his attentions on the lady he is probably pluckier than he imagines himself to be. "I think if I had been subjected to the treatment that was meted out to him I should console myself with the reflection that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and go fishing in less troubled waters.

AT dinner Giannetto wagers that Neri will not dare put on a suit of armour, and with a long pike dash into an assembly of inoffensive people on the other side of the street. Neri accepts the challenge at once. They buckle his armour on, and give him a pike, and in this scene Mr. Norman

McKinnel looks a very "parfit" knight, even if he be not over "gentil." After that the laugh is on Neri. Word precedes him to the assembly in question that Neri has gone mad and is running amok, and he is overpowered and disarmed, and thrown into a dungeon. The scene then changes to the house of the fair Genevra. Messengers come to bring her the news that Neri is in durance, and she emerges from her room in *déshabillé* to receive the strange tidings. For they are very strange to her, and she explains why. Neri has been home all night. In proof of her statement she throws open the door of her chamber, and out walks—Giannetto. She had not, it appears, recognised him in the dark. Comment would not only be superfluous, but extremely embarrassing.

CATHLEEN NESBITT AND ERNEST THESIGER

THEN we go to the dungeon in which Neri is confined. He is chained to a stone pillar, and Giannetto, having satisfied himself that his victim is helpless, comes to gloat over him. Giannetto brings also ladies who have in the past loved Neri not wisely but too well, so that they too may rejoice to see what an unkind fate has overtaken their gay deceiver. One of the ladies, who is called Fiametta—the name, by the way, of one of Boccaccio's early loves—expresses a longing to tear Neri's eyes out; but she is happily deterred from this very emphatic expression of personal opinion. Then a nice girl who has not yet been loved by Neri, but is, as it were, on the waiting list, suggests to him a way of freedom. He is confined there by his enemies because they know he is not really mad. If, however, he could successfully feign madness he would be allowed to go free and to roam the streets as a harmless lunatic. Neri, therefore, begins to babble all sorts of nonsense, and to pretend to go in fear of the meanest of his torturers, and is, in consequence, released.

THE performances of Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. Ernest Thesiger are of outstanding excellence; and some of the minor parts, also, are very creditably filled. There is especially A Doctor of Medicine, represented by Mr. Edwin Greenwood. The Doctor sizes up Neri's case as one for the application of the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, the idea being, apparently, that as the man is mad he can be cured by making him madder still. In those days, I believe, a physician was called a leech, though he could hardly have been as tenacious as all that. Mr. Greenwood brings a nice humour into the part, and his costume, which includes a hat that might have come out of a Christmas cracker, is a joy to behold. The costumes, by the way, as well as the scenery, are guaranteed by the management to be the genuine articles,

DOROTHY HOLMES-GORE

NORMAN McKINNEL

DOROTHY HOLMES-GORE

and though some of them may strike us as being on the comic side, we have to remember that the heresies of one generation become the faith of the next, or something of that sort. Personally, I would not even for a bet walk down the Strand to-day in that Doctor's hat; but I daresay in the old Florentine days the men who wore them were considered to be in the knut class.

THE play itself is presented with a nice eye for the picturesque, and I found it extremely interesting. Mr. C. B. Fernald's adaptation suggests that he has succeeded very well in preserving the airy lightness of the Italian original. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt plays very prettily the rather difficult part of the fair Genevra, who, having been dowered by her indulgent admirer with all sorts of luxuries, now has the ingratitude to express a longing to have a—soul! Such extravagance! The humour of the play is typically mediæval. The prickly punishment inflicted on Giannetto, for instance, is of a nature that does not usually form the subject of polite mirth; while the tormenting of Neri in his downstairs dungeon does not make you feel very excited. Yet the play presents as a whole a picture that is extremely pleasing, both to the eye and the ear, and if it is not over the heads of the thinking public it should receive liberal support. In any event, acting like that supplied by Mr. Norman McKinnel is rare in London to-day, and that advantage alone should make the play an attractive one.

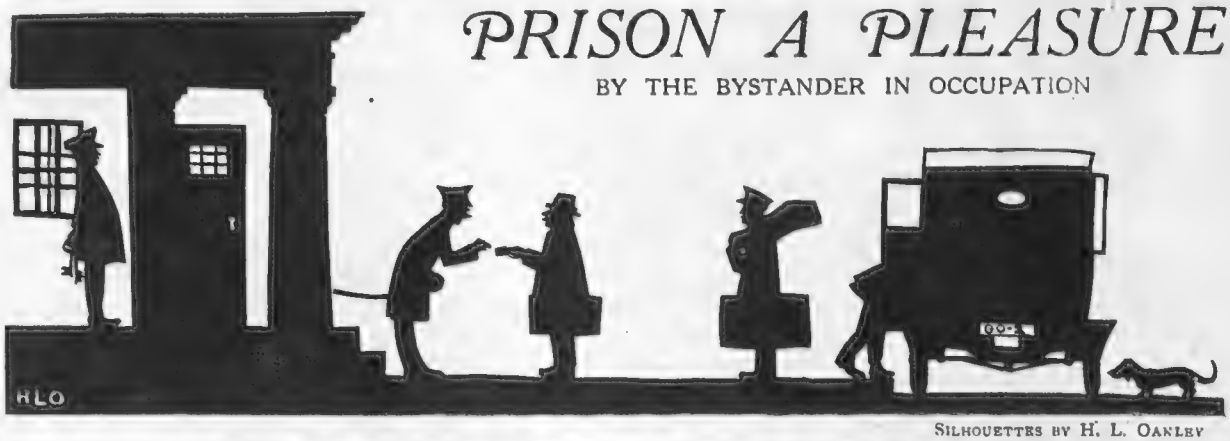
WE do not, perhaps, usually associate humour with costume plays of this class. The Florentine costume is the monopoly of romance. And although there is a fair lady in this play who is very persistently wooed by a nice-looking youth, it is impossible to regard the proceeding as a very romantic one. Romeo, as we know, married the girl, and the suburbs, from which theatrical audiences are mostly drawn to-day, ask no more than that. By the same token, they ask no less. Yet the fair Genevra is obviously not married to Neri; and when Giannetto lays his trap to win the girl's affection there is no suggestion of a wedding-ring, or even of buying the furniture. Genevra is, in short, a lady in whose future there must necessarily be a lack of interest on the part of the larger public. She has surrendered completely to the stronger will of Neri, and, apparently, surrenders again to the nimbler wit of Giannetto, and whatever may be the classical name for that sort of thing, it is not Romance.

IT may be that it is not fair to look at the fourteenth century with the eyes of the twentieth; but we do so unavoidably, and we have our stock playwrights to thank for it. As a general rule the lady who marries the hero in the last act is a model of all the virtues with the soap laid on pretty thickly. We have got her into our systems. She is not only virtuous, but good and kind as well, and where she can be conveniently proved to be the sole support of a widowed mother the goods are handed out to us with a sort of exultant whoop. Yet, all this to the contrary notwithstanding, *The Love Thief* presents a faithful and useful picture of the period to which it refers, and as a production reflects the highest credit on all concerned. JINGLE

CATHLEEN NESBITT AND NORMAN McKINNEL

PRISON A PLEASURE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION



Silhouettes by H. L. Oakley

"Nothing could be pleasanter or more gentlemanly than going to prison in Deutschland"

THE season of the "Weinpresse" is here on the Rhine and the vineyard paths have all been closed. Soon the garlanded carts will be winding their way down the hill-sides, bearing their precious load. By a cruel irony of fate, the only "bone dry" Occupiers are quartered right in the centre of these Bacchanalian hills, seeing the conquered rejoicing in their riches of liquid, sparkling gold, yet unable to take back a single bottle, whether as booty or lawful souvenir, to that—

"Dear Land of Liberty"

of which they sing, unless it be by process of absorption. Is it any wonder that during the limited space of time allowed them by their higher command, they fill all the cafés of Coblenz, using each golden moment to the full? All except one, that is to say—the unique, half-requisitioned Riesenfürstenhof, where one may breakfast on a verandah in the shade of the frowning fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. There, also, can one see the thrilling separation of the sheep of the Rhineland High Commission from the goats of the ordinary public, German and otherwise. True, all go in through the same courtyard, but the Commission then enter by the door on the left into woolly blessedness, the goats by the right into an overcrowded damnation.

ALL public accommodation in Rhineland is overcrowded—and damnable—even the prisons. There is none of the undignified hustle about lodging at the expense of Herr Ebert that there is about becoming a guest of His Majesty. Your crime having been discovered (it is impossible to live in new Germany, ruled as it is by the relics of Kaiserdom reinforced by a Republic of Bureaucracy without committing several a day), you appear before the Gerichtsvorsteher in the usual course, and receive your ten days without the option. This does not involve instant separation from wife and family. You merely give a guarantee that you will be found when wanted and go your ways.

"The only 'bone dry' Occupiers are quartered right in the centre of these Bacchanalian hills"

IN about three weeks' time you receive a call from a be-sabred policeman who will inform you that accommodation has been reserved for you in a local prison. You are, therefore, instructed to ring the bell at 8 a.m. on May 2, 1922, ask for the Governor, and one of the staff will conduct you to your room. Really, nothing could be pleasanter or more gentlemanly than going to prison in Deutschland, now.

AND this is not all. Suppose you find that on the date appointed you have an engagement. Nothing could be simpler. Hat in hand, you wait on the judge in chambers with an application to expiate your crime three months later (not earlier—that would never be granted) than has been arranged. A letter from your banker will settle it at once, and the date of your commitment order is duly altered.

THE system opens up wonderful possibilities for the impecunious. Supposing, for instance, you are ordered by your doctor to spend next summer in the Alps—and you are a journalist. What would otherwise be impossible becomes a matter of simple routine, and a third-class return fare to the Bavarian Tyrol. Arrived at your destination, you grab the nearest handbag and knock down the porter who chases you. Before the magistrate, you produce the doctor's certificate, get the date of your accommodation fixed up for next summer and return to sunny Rhineland for the winter, making a jest of editors' rejection slips. The only snag is the virtue reputed to be caused by Alpine air and the danger that the local lock-up could accommodate you at once with a cell under a glacier for the winter.

IT is unfortunate for the hot-tempered that guillotines are so much more easily erected than prisons, otherwise death sentences might comfortably be postponed to a convenient date when the grasshopper should become a burden.

Eric Gordon

A Light Heavyweight

BY WILL OWEN

OLD LADY: "But why can't you get work?"
THE GENTLEMAN: "Well, lady, yer see, I'm an unhappy medium?"
OLD LADY: "What do you mean?"
THE GENTLEMAN: "It's like this, mum. I'm too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work!"

By Stan Terry

THE END OF THE SEASON

Dan Cupid (*to his Working Partner*): "Well, Luna, old dear, we've done our bit"

VANTAGE IN

BY ENID BLYTON

They were alone in the railway carriage. They did not like one another. The tall one had trodden heavily on the small one's foot, and not even begged his pardon. He had also shut up both windows, in spite of earnest protests from the other. To crown all, he had superciliously looked the small man up and down, from his pale eyebrows to his dusty boots, and then glanced in an enquiring manner at the "1st class" marked on the door.

The small man hated him. He even went so far as to grimace at him, when the other was entrenched behind his newspaper.

He examined him with dislike, his eyes travelling downwards till they reached the remarkably well-fitting, spick-and-span boots. Then he saw something else. He stooped quickly and transferred something from the floor to his pocket. His mind worked swiftly.

A beatific expression appeared upon his features. He let it remain there.

From far down the train floated three words: "All tickets, please. All tickets, please!"

By Victor Hicks

POLITICAL CUP AND BALL

Is the head too swollen for a successful issue?

Both men groped in their pockets. The tall man groped a long time. He examined minutely each one of his pockets. He rummaged through his newspaper. He looked where he had been sitting, and, finally, he looked on the floor.

The small man looked sympathetic.

"Dash the thing!" muttered the tall man.

"Lost your ticket?" queried the small one, in a tone of compassion.

"Looks like it," answered the other, surlily.

"Well, get under the seat till the fellow goes by. I won't give you away," urged the small man, genially.

The tall man disappeared under the seat. The other occupant of the carriage regarded the dust and dirt there with a friendly eye.

"All tickets, please."

"Here you are, my friend."

Continued on page 658

The Origin of Rugger

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How the exciting possibilities of the game were first realised by the Druids on Salisbury Plain in the year One

"VANTAGE IN" (*concluded*)

The collector looked round the carriage. "Wotcher give me *two* tickets for? There's only one of you 'ere?"

"Oh, that's all right. The other chap's under the seat. He likes travelling that way"—and the small man tapped his forehead significantly. ENID BLYTON

"NO Levy on Chars-a-Bancs," says a morning paper. Well, we counted no less than ten of him on one "Silver Star" at Brighton last Saturday!

* * * *

IT is only in Ireland, fancies Lord Burnham, "that a man goes out pheasant shooting with a rifle." Well, we *have* known would-be Isaac Waltons who, rather than return with an empty creel, have gone out fishing with a couple of Treasury notes!

* * * *

"HAS Lenin been assassinated?" asks a headline in a daily paper. Not lately, we believe.

"PLACE" AUX DAMES! BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

MISTRESS (*to former maid*): "Does your husband provide for you properly, Mary?"

MARY: "Indeed he does, ma'm; he's found me six new charing jobs already since we got married"

WITHOUT more battleships, declares our naval expert, we are in danger of becoming a Sea-3 nation!

* * * *

WE regret to announce that the City gentleman who entered a sub-post office the other day and was asked his requirements before he had properly awakened from his first sleep is still making a noise like a twopenny stamp.

* * * *

ACCORDING to a news item many women are now undertaking the painting and paper-hanging in their own houses. We understand that a flag-day is being organised by the husbands in order to meet the increased expenditure.

* * * *

"WHAT is Work?" demands a contemporary. Our dictionary's definition is, "An effort directed to an end," and we're rather inclined to believe that "effort" at last has reached it!

THE REASON WHY

IT was in Sauchiehall Street,
The busy time of day,
There came a hefty Clydesdale
A-drawing of a dray.

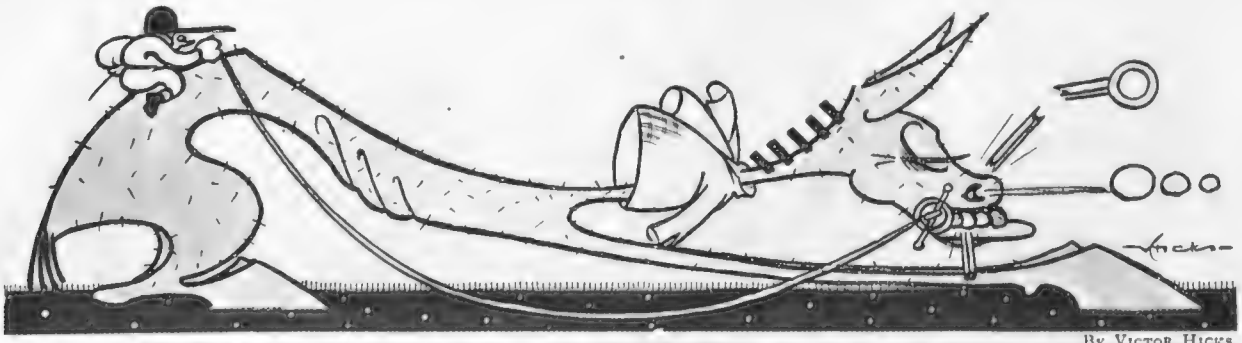
It might have passed unnoticed—
If only it had passed—
But suddenly it stood stock still,
As though it were set fast.

The driver shouted loudly
And gave a stinging flip,
But not an inch that Clydesdale
Would stir for word or whip.

The passers-by came crowding:
Their help seemed all in vain,
They tried to shove the wheels around
And tugged upon the rein.

Firm planted stood the Clydesdale,
As rooted to the spot;
They might make one, two, three legs slip,
The fourth one they could not.

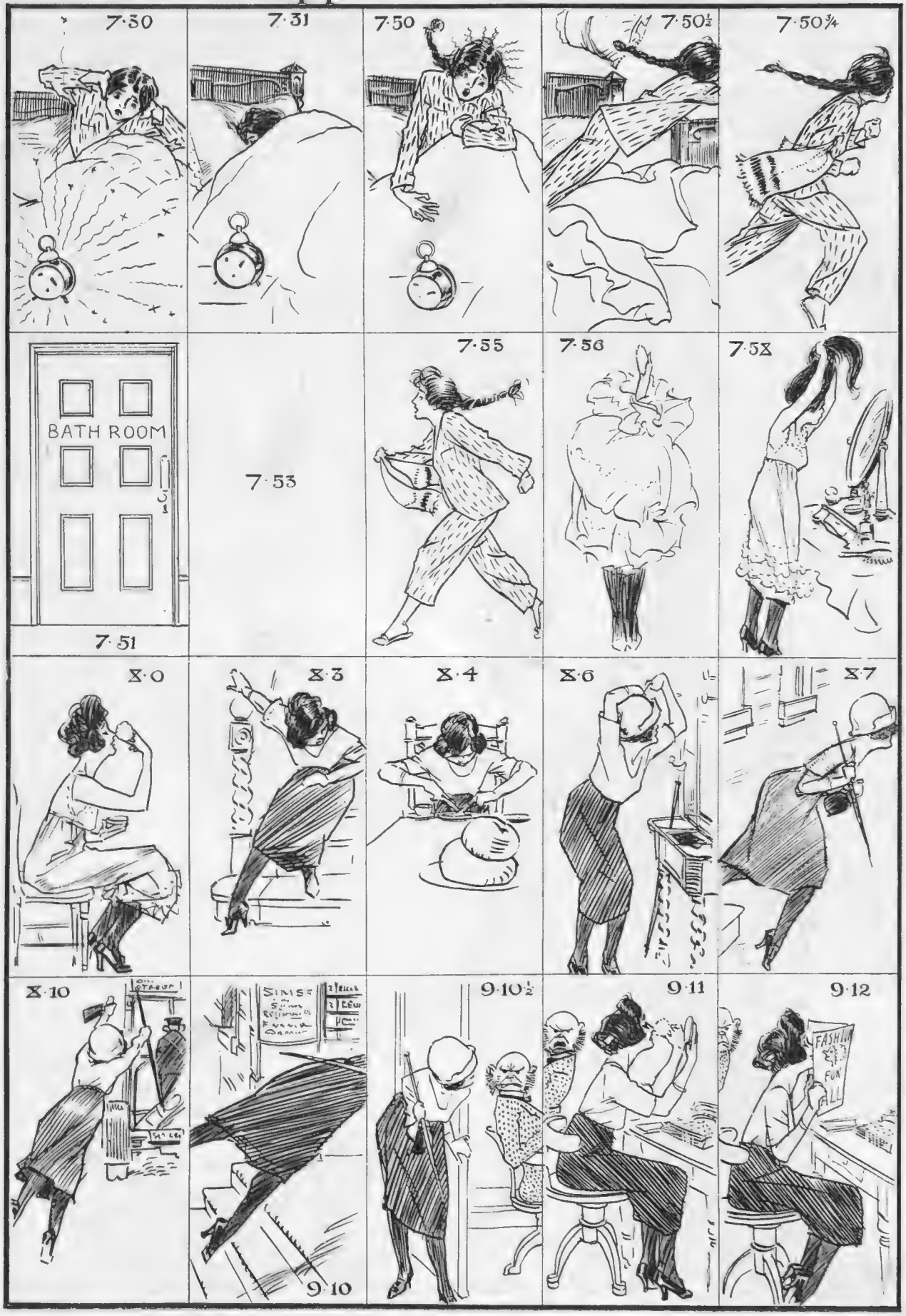
At length by strenuous effort
A wheel-jack lifted it,
And lo! beneath there lay revealed—
A siller threepenny bit! W. J.



A NIGHTMARE BY VICTOR HICKS

The dream of the man who put his shirt on "a dead cert"

The Flapper Goes to Business



BY H. R. MILLAR

"SIXTY SECONDS WORTH OF DISTANCE RUN"—*Kipling's* "IF"

With Rod and G

SALMON FISHING ON THE TAY
A fascinating bit of river scenery ne
Stanley

Mr. C. G. Kekewich and Mr. James Millar at Stanley

Photographs

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE MARQUIS OF RA

Walking up the birds. "Goat Fell" a famous Arran mountain in the distance

Gun in Scotland

Mr. C. E. Brocklehurst sighting a bird

Sir Stuart Coats, Bart., and Mrs. Marshall, fishing on the Tay

Sport and General

UIS GRAHAM'S ESTATE, ISLE OF ARRAN

An interesting moment. Mr. K. Buist brings down a bird

"Made in France"

The BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN IN PARIS

A MILLIONAIRE OF OUR VERY OWN

MES AMIS—

On est content. Has happened an event of the miraculous that has been so long vainly awaited that had descended the complete despair. It is the prospect of a *monsieur, bien Parisien,* who has the peculiarity *extraordinaire* to be *un vrai Français.* It is possible that it may be of the intensely difficult for the English to appreciate fully the portentousness of this advent. They have not, of course, been aware that for the many recent years the *messieurs, bien Parisiens,* have all been the products of the soil far distant from the *doulx terre de la France.* But the Parisians have hugged to themselves the information as a secret sorrow. They have pined for the day when they should be delivered from the leaders of Society who have originated in the oilfields of Caucasia, the plantations of Cuba, or even the more respectable money-mint mansions of Wall Street or *La Cité.* It is, therefore, but of the most natural that they are *bien content* now that it is thought the day of deliverance has arrived.

"Which is to tell the inexactitudes about their origin"

IT is not that the figure who is to be the pride of *la saison* has the least bit more of the *chic* than the boisterous millionaires who have pushed themselves to the front of the *mondains.* He has been bereft equally of time and opportunity in the past to cultivate the graces of the *salon.* But his *faux pas* will, at the worst, be the *faux pas français.* And that is a hall-mark in a country where *fabrication française* is more keenly valued than "Made in England" is across the Channel. And he has already disclosed that he is free from one of the most worst vices of the *nouveaux riches,* which is to tell the inexactitudes about their origin and to pretend that they have for always belonged to the families of wealth. M. Lancolle Puech has informed all who have cared to inquire that he is now, and has been always, a simple sailor; and the fact that he has now inherited nearly forty millions of francs does not diminish his pride in the voyages across the Atlantic or up the Seine to Saint Denis.

HE has, *en effet,* shown the such disinclination to lead the *grande vie* of the millionaires *genre nouveaux riches* that he proposes to cabin himself in a villa at Bayonne, where he will be "at home" only to his very old friends of the sea. Such modesty shall not, of course, be permitted. It is of the too extreme. It is as if "Charlot" should withdraw himself to a hut of logs in the Forest of Epping and have not any visitors but the boyhood friends of Kennington, after we have all awaited so long to meet him in the substance. It is, *par exemple,* even more worse, for the world is able to see at least the moving shadow of "Charlot." Also, "Charlot" is known by the feet and the face to *tout le monde,* while not any of the *haute société,* and but a very insignificant portion of the *basses classes,* has the least acquaintance with the physiognomy of M. Lancolle Puech. *On ne peut guère tolérer,* therefore, that the only *Monsieur, bien Parisien* who is of the type "home-grown" shall not come out and take his position at the head of the un-French *Messieurs bien Parisien* in the places where these notabilities gather to the fore.

"His adorable Parisiennes"

ONE has proposed, in the circumstances, that he shall put himself *entre les mains* of a syndicate

to be constructed by M. Cornuche, "King" of Cannes and Deauville, than whom not any other person has the better knowledge how to exploit the *richesses naturelles* (and *richesses unnaturelles*, for the matter of the fact) of La France and *l'étranger*. It is, of course, of the first importance that the newest millionaire shall appear at Deauville as the lion of the next season. There is always the necessity to have a new lion for the *saison prochaine*.

THIS season it has only been a British lion in the person of Sir Edwin John (a lion who, one is forced to remark, *incidemment*, has lost much of its mane in the singeing atmosphere of the *table de baccara*). For the past seasons it has been a Greek lion, an Indian lion, an Argentinian lion. What a wonderful change, *donc*, to have a French lion, *un véritable!* Deauville may even recover its greatest glory, which in the moment has the tendency to fade. To have a "punter" who can take the *banco* of the millions without the trace of the foreign accent, what a novelty! It shall avenge the bitters of the past.

MLANCOLLE PUECH shall also have to purchase the stables to race. A millionaire who is French has the duties to perform in this most important occupation of Society. He has the tradition—and the *coupes*—to recover against the cosmopolitans who make the practice to capture the Grand Prix and the Grand Steeple. Also, shall he have to become the patron of the arts, especially of the Modernists and the Marcellists. He shall distribute the *commandes* for the portraits of himself in the cubes and in the Marcel waves, and he shall wave the cheques therefor with the similar abundant generosity which Marcel includes the waves in the fringes of his Parisiennes *adorables*. He has himself, one has said, the hair curls of the old-time sailor, so if he can be persuaded to make the *chiffres* compare with the waves there shall be *de quoi manger* for the *pauvres artistes*.

By MARCEL PONCIN

"IT IS BETTER TO HAVE A BIRD IN THE HAND THAN . . . ."

AND at the *répétitions générales* there shall certainly be on the front row a *fauteuil* for the millionaire "home-bred" where he will be expected to make the highly appreciated criticisms how the way to act and the theatre *en général* have degenerated since the days of his more demonstrative youth. His *mots* will be the *bons mots* and his clothes will be the *vrai chic*. Maybe he shall find it a little difficult for a time to wear them as elegantly as they should be worn, but they will be always the correct garments for the occasion; and much of the *gaucheries* can be overlooked in a millionaire who is *Français, vrai Français. N'est-ce pas*, Eugène?

ROLAND

"His clothes will be the *vrai chic*"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

FICTION AND FACT

THE FOURTH ACE

BY ARTHUR MILLS

"HULLO, Nobby!" several voices greeted him as he opened the door.

"Come to try your luck again? What is it to be, chemmy or poker to-night?" Captain Parker smiled genially. "Come into the next room and have a drink."

Nobby followed his host to the sideboard.

William Parker, or "The Captain," as he was generally known, was a tall, thin man, with an eyeglass and a small moustache. He was a familiar figure in London, at restaurants, theatrical dances, or strolling down Bond Street. And his flat in Half Moon Street was as well-known as himself. Here on certain nights he gave little parties, to which properly introduced persons were welcome.

"Just a few fellows I know all about," he would say, "we don't want any strangers here."

He made a special point of the fact that he did not run a gaming establishment. He simply allowed a few friends to use his place to gamble in, and enjoyed taking a hand himself. There were no scandalous stories against the "Captain"; he had never been found cheating. On the contrary, on two or three occasions he had "let fellows out," and he passed among the young as a very good fellow. He had been at Eton for two terms.

Nobby had for some time been an *habitué* at Half Moon Street. And when it is added that he had an old family place on which he could borrow money, an irresponsible disposition, and gambling in the blood, the age-old story of youth taking wisdom to the pawnshop begins to unfold. It was, however, a pity that there was a girl to whom Nobby was very much attached, who was only waiting for some signs of steadiness on his part before she would say she would marry him. A pity, for she was a nice girl worth making an effort for.

"What is it going to be to-night?" asked Parker; "a little poker, we have got a quorum, I think; there are Hepworth, Vador, and Leitch."

"Yes, but don't make the game too high," said Nobby, who knew that the others, Hepworth (of Hepworths' Milk Tabloids and His Majesty's cavalry), and Vador, a young South American, had money to burn.

"No, righto!" said Parker, "we won't. I hate a fellow losing more than he can afford in my house."

"By the way," Nobby continued, "I . . . owe you £500 from last time. I . . . am most awfully sorry I. . . ."

"My dear fellow"—Captain Parker waved his hand deprecatingly—"don't think about it; you'll probably win it all back and a lot more to-night. Luck often turns."

They moved towards the card-room.

"Now, gentlemen, what points shall we play?" asked Captain Parker, when the five had settled themselves round a table in the inner room. "Lowest chip five bob, and bet up to the amount in the pool?" He looked round.

Nobby knew that betting up to the amount in the pool would make the game considerably higher than he could afford, but as none of the others demurred he said nothing.

"First knave deals." Captain Parker began dealing round the cards. "Your deal, Nobby."

Play was fairly even for the first hour, Vador, the son of wealthy South Americans, being the chief winner. Nobby held poor cards, and did not come much into the game. He got his first chance when, drawing to two pair on a raised pot, he filled with a third King. The card he had thrown away was a red card, the five of hearts, to the best of his recollection. The betting before the rise had put out all except Parker and Hepworth. Hepworth, who was a wild player, generally came into any big pot whether he held cards or not. Nobby, observing him take three cards, was not afraid of him. He had more respect for Parker's hand. The proprietor of the establishment seldom played when the betting was big unless he held good cards.

"Drawing to a flush," Nobby thought to himself as he observed Parker draw one card, "Anyway, if he has filled, my full beats his."

It was Parker's deal. Nobby observed that after he had given cards he stretched out his hand and gathered in the discards; shuffling them in a casual sort of manner with their faces towards him. According to strict poker etiquette, he ought not to have done this; however, as "Captain" Parker himself was fond of saying, they played a free-and-easy game at his place—all among friends.

"£10," said Hepworth.

"The pool;" said Nobby, looking at the counters in the centre of the table, "estimate at £60."

To save checking the pool every time a bet was made it was the practice to allow a player to estimate the amount in it; if his estimate was accepted the bet stood.

"And £10," said Captain Parker.

"I go out," said Hepworth.

If the player had been anyone except Parker, Nobby would have raised the pool again, but his experience of the proprietor of the establishment had been so unfortunate that caution prevailed.

"I'll see you," he said.

Captain Parker showed his hand. "All red," he said, spreading a flush in hearts.

Nobby kept his own cards in his hand and looked curiously at the hand on the table. He could have sworn he had discarded the five of hearts, and yet, there plainly enough, was the five of hearts in Parker's hand.

"Well," said Parker, "can you beat me?"

Nobby spread out his King full.

"You win," said Parker, "glad the luck is coming your way a

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bit." He pushed across the counters with such a pleasant smile that Nobby was ashamed of the suspicions that had passed through his mind.

After this luck held with Nobby. Having acquired some capital he came into the game more freely. In a further hour's play he had £500 worth of chips in front of him. He knew that two at least of the others, Hepworth and Vador, would play up to any hour, and to any amount, and visions of the big coup, that every gambler always believes he will bring off sooner or later, began to float before his eyes. What if he won a really big sum, which would enable him to pay off his debts and start afresh. He and Sylvia would be able to get married. He resolved, if fortune were once kind to him, he would never touch cards again. Other gamblers have resolved the same.

The chance of the big coup came with a suddenness that made his brain buzz. Nobby had a pretty good card face for a youngster, but he had to exercise all the self-control he possessed when he was dealt four Kings cold in the biggest ace pot of the evening.

"Kings seem my lucky cards to-night," he thought. He looked round to see who had dealt. By a curious coincidence the dealer was Captain Parker again.

There was at least £500 in the pot. Nobby, being on the left of the dealer, had the option of opening. He wanted everyone in, so opened for the prudent sum of £25.

"How many cards?" Parker enquired.

Nobby considered. Four Kings and the Ace of Spades. Should he stand pot, or draw one card to make the table think he was trying for a full? He decided to draw one card. He took out the ace, and dropped it face downward just in front of him. He was smoking a cigarette. He wanted to blow his nose, so he took the cigarette out of his mouth and rested it against the edge of an ash-tray. The cigarette rolled over He picked it up quickly, but not before it had made a tiny burn on the edge of the card lying in front of him Leitch drew his attention to the fact that he was burning the card.

"How many cards, Vador? Cards, Hepworth? Dealer takes two." Nobby heard Parker's quiet voice.

Nobby's heart beat exultantly. There were only two hands out against him. With four aces the odds against him were very small.

There was £1,000 at least in the pool, perhaps more. His big chance had come.

He noticed Parker gathering up the discards as he always did, and shuffling them into a pack.

The betting began. Nobby opened. "I bet the pool," he said.

"Approximately £1,200, gentlemen," said Captain Parker.

Hepworth, Vador and Leitch all threw in their hands. Parker, when his turn came, spoke quietly.

"I'll bet the pool again."

Vador, the Latin in him excited by the amount of money, whistled, "Whew! £2,400 in the pool!"

Now £5,000 was the absolute outside limit that Nobby could procure. To get that sum he would have to sell his family place outright, and would, in the natural course of things, probably have to leave the army. Considering the greatness of the occasion, his brain worked remarkably coolly. Parker had taken two cards. The odds that he was drawing to a straight flush were almost anything against. Such a draw was much too wild for Parker's ordinary play. From his bet it was tolerably certain Parker had drawn to three of a kind, and had made fours. If this was the case he could not win, for Nobby held four Kings and had *discarded the fourth ace.*

Nobby leant across the table.

"Do you mind if we don't go above £5,000," he said quietly.

(*Continued on page 668*)

By Victor Hicks

A MATTER OF FORM

The Shocked Spectator: "They wouldn't catch me lookin' like that"

"Now and Then"

A revue that follows the rule of the season and puts the clock back

Photographs *Farringdon Photo Co.*

In returning thanks for the generous reception accorded to this play on the first night, Mr. John Hastings Turner referred to Mr. George Graves as his "collaborator." As we all know, the inimitable "gags" of Mr. Graves have ensured the success of more than one play, and this tribute paid to him is, therefore, not only chivalrous but just

"THE FOURTH ACE" (concluded)

"I can't pay if I lose more than that."

"All right. What's the bet then, £5,000?"

"£4,800 to be exact. I double the pool."

"I'll see you."

Nobby noticed that Parker's hands shook slightly. He himself felt almost unnaturally calm. He spread his four kings on the table. "My God," said Parker. "I thought you had a straight flush." He spread his hand. Four Aces!

Nobby stared at the aces, unable to believe his eyes. There, large as life, lay four aces, including *the ace of spades*. Had he been dreaming when he thought he discarded that card three minutes before. He leant across the table and fingered the aces one by one.

"They are good enough," laughed Parker. "Bad luck, Nobby."

Nobby did not speak. He held the ace of spades in his hand face downwards. On the right-hand edge of the card, faint but unmistakable, was the brown burn that he had made with his cigarette.

There was only one explanation. "Captain" Parker, under pretence of shuffling the discards, had helped himself to the fourth ace. Nobby sat very still, thinking hard. He had never before sat face to face across a card table with a man he knew was a cheat. All thought of the big sum of money for which they had been playing left him. He was shocked in his inmost being at the thought that a man who had been at the same school as himself should do such a thing.

The others saw the grave look on his face, and supposed it was because he had been hard hit. One by one they got up from the table and silently left the room, leaving the loser and winner together.

It was Parker who spoke first.

"Look here, old chap, I don't want to sting you like this. I'll take half the amount, and we'll call the bet settled."

Though Parker cleared £2,400 for himself, he was practically making Nobby a clear present of £2,400. Parker had been known to do this sort of thing before to young men who had lost money to him. That was why many said he was such a good fellow.

Such a proposal was certainly not likely to emanate from a hardened card-sharper. If he had not actually seen that burn on the back of the Ace of Spades before he threw the card away Nobby would even then have thought Parker was honest. But the evidence was too damning.

"You cheated," he said, looking Parker straight in the eyes. "This was one of my discards," he held up the Ace of Spades.

"What do you mean?" There was an angry glint in "Captain" Parker's eyes.

"What I say; there is the mark on the card made by my cigarette."

"You damned young cub!" "Captain" Parker rose, white in the face. "Get out of the house, and take your blasted money with you; I don't want it." He spoke with royal and wrathful dignity.

"The bluff is no good, Parker. Leitch saw the card burnt; he picked up my cigarette. I'll call him back."

This was a counter bluff on Nobby's part. The final proof of Parker's guilt rested on his answer. If he was innocent of intentional cheating he would not mind who came back. Parker's answer was conclusive.

"Stay where you are," he said, hurriedly, as Nobby rose from his chair. "I'm not going to have scenes in my house."

"Or any more gambling," said Nobby, "get me a pen. Get me a pen," he repeated, sharply, as Parker did not move.

Parker brought a pen.

Nobby turned the Ace of Spades face up, and keeping his finger on it, held out the pen to Parker.

"Now write on that card as I tell you."

"I swear by this card, which is evidence that I am a cheat, never to play cards for money again within the British Isles." Nobby dictated slowly.

"I give you a minute to get that down and sign it—or I call Leitch."

. . . . .

"Thank you," said Nobby later, when the ink on the card had dried. He slipped it in his pocket-book.

ARTHUR MILLS

HAVE YOU HEARD A GOOD ONE LATELY?

Prizes for Humorous Stories.

THE BYSTANDER offers the following prizes for the best humorous stories sent in by readers:—

First Prize - -	**£10 10 0**
Second Prize - -	**7 7 0**
Third Prize - -	**5 5 0**

Each story must be of a humorous nature, have a Christmas atmosphere and not exceed 350 words in length. Any number of stories may be submitted by any one competitor. Attempts must reach this office not later than October 20th and be addressed to

The Editor, Bystander Christmas Story Competition, Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

The Editor's decision must be final and he reserves the right to publish both successful and unsuccessful attempts. In the case of the publication of stories which do not win prizes, payment will be made at the usual rates for such contributions.

All attempts must be typewritten and bear the full name and address of competitor.

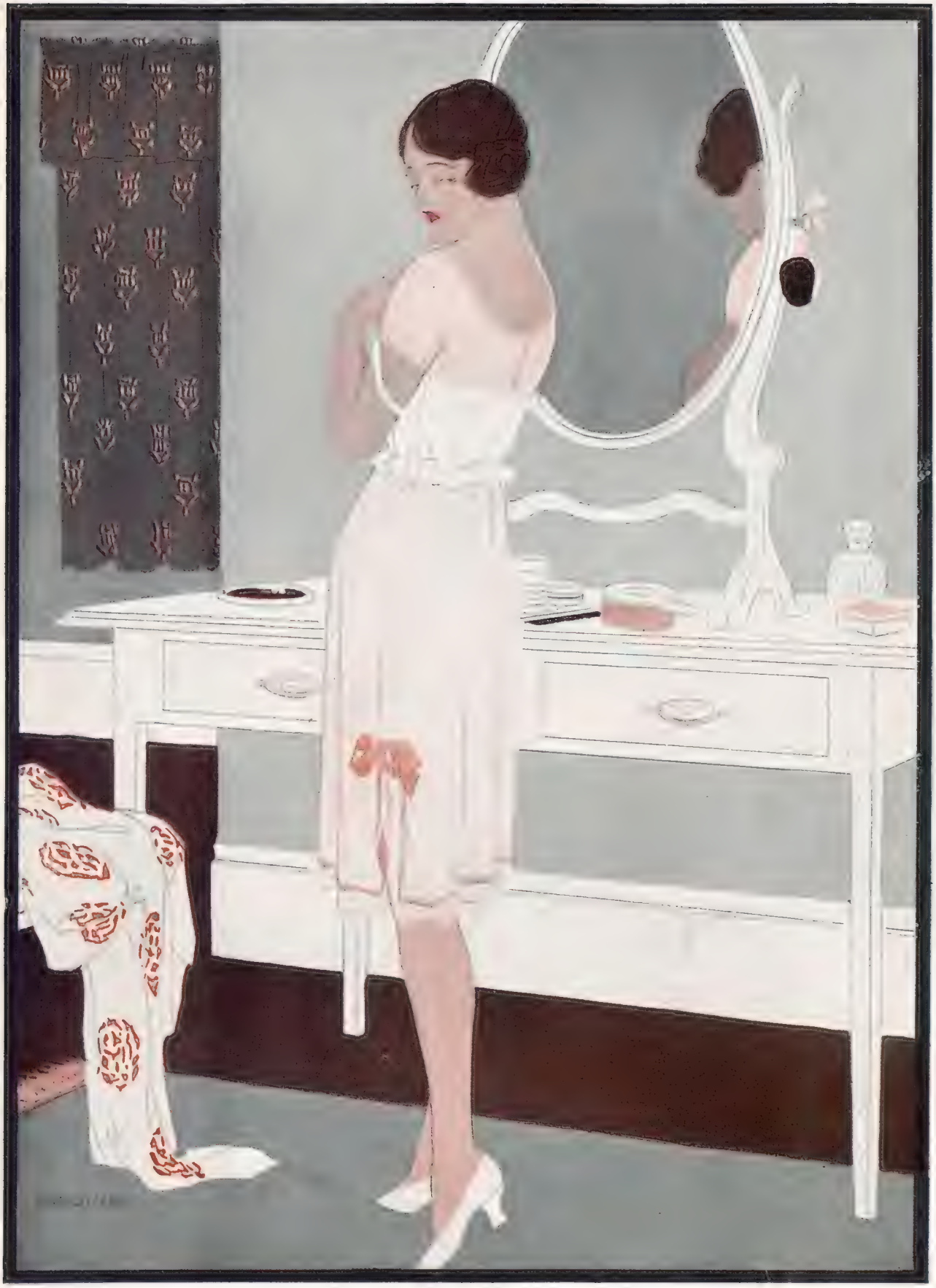
Unsuccessful and rejected stories will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, but the Editor will accept no responsibility in the event of loss.

No stories which have already been published will be considered.

Successful attempts, together with a selection of the next best, will be published in **THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL** in November.

(This Annual, by the way, is likely to beat all previous records in Christmas Numbers—even Bystander records.)

Making Its Mark



BY HIGGINS

THAT'S THE WORST OF THE KNITTED JUMPER!

Shore Things

BY NORMAN KEENE

THE SEA BIRDS MIGRATE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

"Blanchette"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Whether we look our best in the morning or the afternoon"

LONDON, *September* 26

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER refreshing, isn't it, to find out that the dear old world isn't going to end just quite yet? So many people, I mean, have been telling us lately that we simply must have reached about the outermost edge, brink, or breaking-point because of the perfectly frightful things that happen these times.

BUT seems that, according to all the best scientists, even if we *have* lived a thousand million years or so already, there's another thousand million or so to come yet, whatever happens or however fearfully we behave. Cheery news—what? But I had a sort of idea, I must confess, that life couldn't be finishing altogether just this moment — it's so lovely, especially these last soft September days . . . these days, as someone's put it, of "our English summer's goodbye kiss."

DON'T expect to live another thousand million years myself, I admit—and not altogether sure I want to, either, not unless provided with a quite new method of beauty—and complexion-preserving, anyway, better than Pompadour or anyone ever invented, *and* enough money to pay for the process, too! And just think of a whole thousand million years of getting up and going to bed and ordinary lunch and dinner, and—well, no, don't think I *should* mind ordering a thousand thousand million new frocks and hats and things, however early and often the fashions might change. . . .

NOT that they seem to be shifting so very much just at this very moment as ever is. Skirts, say the prophets, are going to be an inch or two longer, and the waist-line's certainly dropped a bit nearer to the knee, but apart from that nothing really sensational's happened, and even Paris itself hasn't invented any positively startling innovations about how we're to wear our clothes this autumn. Which, between you and me, isn't altogether unwelcome news, with taxes and prices what they are, and all but the very profiteer-ingest of profiteers hard put to it merely to keep their ends up, much less launch out into anything really new in the way of clothes.

ABOUT that thousand million years, though. . . . Would you, if you could, live another thousand million years? Really live, I mean, not just exist. The existers could do it all right, I expect, but not the ones among us who really live. A bit too strenuous—what? When you can be frightfully happy, you can be frightfully wretched, too, whereas. . . . But don't let's get serious, whatever happens, shall us? Don't let's.

AFTER all, there's simply heaps of ways of looking at things, and we won't choose the gloomy one if we can help it, will we? There are "such lots of wonderful things to do," as the old (Empire) song says, and such lots of wonderful things to discuss. Such

"The Criterion roof garden"

as, for instance, women, and food, not to mention minor interests like art and trade and the future of the world, and all that sort of thing.

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MOST important of all, of course, being—*us* Simply tons of talk going on just now about women's "aura of mystery," and whether we look our best in the morning or the afternoon, and all the rest of it Very gratifying, isn't it? And if only men knew how simple and easily explained we really are . . . but hush. That really would do in all the aura business and lots of other things besides, wouldn't it?

"Always end up by dancing at the Grafton"

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BUT it's *rather* nice to find that even such an old-world sort of critic of life and manners as Mr. Ralph Nevill, whose brilliant *Mayfair and Montmartre* is one of *the* books of the moment, doesn't altogether disapprove of even the modern us. The standard of feminine beauty, says this kind critic (in spite of any old-world prejudices) was probably never higher than it is to-day. . . . Woman's dress has become sensible, as well as artistic. . . . Bright-eyed, active, and healthy, a really beautiful Englishwoman is Nature's Masterpiece. . . . (Loud cheers!)

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ONE up for the "modern Englishwoman," isn't it, whatever the Councillor Clarks and people may say? Though, perhaps, even more intriguing, in a way, to meet the rather more modern Lord Dunsany's judgment on the same absorbing subject in that wonderful and wonderfully acted play, *If*, at the Ambassadors. . Not at *all* on the same lines, I warn you. "Women" (sez 'e) "aren't civilised. We're tame; they're wild. They like the dangerous things, the romantic things." Bit of a contrast—what?

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BUT both opinions, I do believe, are true. That is to say, we may be sensibly dressed (I hope not), but certainly we're wild. And we may like dangerous things (I—er—hope not), but at least we do mostly, I trust, keep up our "standard of feminine beauty," and dress "artistically," at any rate, if not "sensibly." . . . And as for the dangerous, the romantic things, surely *ça va* almost if not entirely *sans dire*.

THE days draw in, and once more (thank Heaven) dances began to get into full swing again last week. The Criterion Roof Garden, for one, that loveliest of dance places, with its very plausible imitation of a star-studded blue sky, and grape-clustered arbours, has opened once more its portals to dine-and-dancers who love both good dining and good dancing. And with the (justly) famous Art Hickman Band still in good working order, and a couple of late nights (Tuesdays and Thursdays) included in the programme, it's quite on the cards, I imagine, that we shall have several quite pleasant evenings there before the season has petered out right unto its bitter end—what, what?

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AND then there's that rather delightful spot, the Grafton, which opened its new season last Saturday as ever was with a perfectly lovely *dance*. Somehow the Grafton always has a sort of friendly atmosphere all of its own—perhaps it's partly because of the tactful influence of the very charming secretary, Mr. Douglas Lyle—but, anyway and even if some floors are a bit better and springier, somehow I always end up by dancing at the Grafton, and would rather dance there to finish up with than anywhere else in the world. And, by the way, they've got quite a wonderful new band there, the International Five, whom you really *must* hear before you die—or retire from the dancing world (which is much the same thing, *n'est-ce-pas?*).

"Simple pleasures cost more money now"

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NOT that one can really afford to dance these days, or do anything else, for that matter, except just eat and sleep—and even those simple pleasures cost much more money now than we (or, anyway, those of us who are moderately honest) can lay our hands on. Rather envious, I am, I must confess, just now, of the simple and unsubtle dormouse, who just falls asleep when he finds it convenient, and doesn't wake up till he's quite sure that all the financial or other crises of the moment have quite blown away. Wouldn't it be just too simply lovely to be able to doze through all the horrid things of life like that?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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To George the Fifth
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Born 1820. Still going strong.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Photograph] E. D. MOUNTAIN [*L. N. A*

The well-known Cambridge Athletic Blue, who, at the Stockholm Stadium last week, won the 500 metres race in 1 min, 5 3/5th sec., and thereby set up a new "world's" record for the distance

Photograph] FOUR FAIR COMPETITORS [*Sport and General*

In the Roehampton Club's hard court lawn tennis tournament last week, when the conditions were so summerlike that one quite forgot that it is one of the so-called "Autumn" meetings. Mrs. Elliott reached the final of the ladies' Singles, and Miss Stokes distinguished herself by nearly beating Mrs. Craddock. Left to right: Miss Stokes, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Fison, and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye

RACKETS

An Interesting Experiment

THE news that at the Army Championship meeting, to be held at Prince's next March, a trial is to be given to the single service, instead of allowing the server a second service if his first is a fault, is interesting. There is a widespread belief, though it is by no means universal, that the service at rackets, especially on fast courts like those of Prince's and Queen's, gives the server too big an advantage, and that the game would be a better game if the percentage of aces won by service alone were not so high. If the server were only allowed one service he would, naturally, have to exercise more care over it than he does when he has a second up his sleeve for use if, in his endeavour to score an outright winner, he makes a fault.

Two Services or One?

THE opponents of the one-service proposition contend that when the service gives a preponderating advantage it is the fault of the players and not of the game. No such preponderating advantage exists where players who are in the very front rank are concerned. Possibly they are right, but all the same I can truthfully say that I have watched matches between players who would feel insulted if you described them as anything else but first-class, which to my way of thinking were very largely spoilt by the sequences of aces scored by service alone.

A Lawn Tennis Parallel

MANY people think that lawn tennis would be improved if only one service were allowed, for here, too, there is no doubt that the service carries with it a preponderating advantage. In lawn tennis the argument *contra* is very much the same as that used in the case of rackets. "However difficult the service may be," we are told, "the really expert player will always learn in time to return it. If you deprive the server of his second service you are arresting development not only of the service, but of the power of returning it." This is magnificent in theory, but it does not alter the fact that the server has always had, and still has, a pull over the striker out. After all, it stands to reason that he must have, if he is given two chances of scoring the ace to the other man's one. But you can theorise about these things until you are black in the face without getting much forrarder, and an ounce of test is worth a ton of argument. This is why I await with interest the upshot of the forthcoming experiment at Prince's, and hope that some day we may see a similar one in lawn tennis.

By PHYLLIS KERMODE

C. G. MACARTNEY

A fancy sketch of the well-known Australian cricketer, who by way of a little relaxation, played with evident enjoyment in the doubles at the recent Eastbourne lawn tennis tournament with his compatriot S. N. Doust

Photograph STRICTLY UNORTHODOX YET MARVELLOUSLY EFFECTIVE *Sport and General*

A good illustration of the way in which Edward Ray, the famous golf professional, hits the ball for amazing distances in a manner peculiarly his own. He is here seen driving from the first tee at Porter's Park, where, in the qualifying competition (southern section) for the *News of the World* tournament, he headed the list of those who qualified. The tournament proper takes place on his own course at Oxhey on Oct. 4.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By the end of this week Rugby football will be in full swing in London and the South of England. Of the leading London clubs Blackheath, the Harlequins, and the London Scottish started their fixture lists last Saturday, Guy's Hospital began a week earlier, and Richmond will tackle the Scottish on Saturday next. Blackheath have most of their last season's men again available, and are reinforced by a strong contingent of new members, which includes the two Internationals, E. Hammett (three-quarter) and A. F. Blakiston (forward), so that they look like being even more formidable than they were last year.

The 'Varsities

The 'Varsity match, which is rapidly becoming as popular with the London "Rugger" public as an International, is fixed for December 8. This is an innovation which will not please everybody, for it means that the match will take place in the last week of the Oxford term, whereas hitherto it has been held on the Tuesday of the following week. It follows from this that the period of preparation, already short enough, will be further curtailed. However, this, as it happens, will not matter very much this year, for both 'Varsities are extraordinarily rich in old Blues, so that the two captains are not likely to have much to do in the way of team-building.

Photograph] A GOOD BIT OF TACKLING *[Sport & General*

In the first Rugby football match of the season in London, between Guy's Hospital and Catford Bridge. Guy's, who look like retaining the high position they took last year, won easily by 33 points to nil

Cambridge's Old Blues

At Cambridge there will be no fewer than thirteen old Blues in residence, twelve of last year's fifteen, and one who played in 1919. Of course, the trial matches may possibly reveal players who may be even better than they are, but this is not very likely, for Cambridge last year were a very fine side, notwithstanding the fact that Oxford beat them. This result, it will be recalled, was one of the surprises of the season. The only man who looks like having to fight hard to retain his place is A. B. S. Young, the scrum half, whilst for the two vacancies at stand-off half and full back the likely candidates are F. A. Gardiner and H. F. Cockell, who both did well as reserves last season.

Oxford's Ten Availables

Oxford have ten of last year's side available, the places to be filled being one at three-quarter, one at stand-off half, and three forward. The loss of F. A. Waldock the stand-off half, and of V. H. Neser, who filled his place so capably at the last moment when he was unable to play, will be severely felt, and it will not be easy to find a man as good as they were at taking Campbell's "flashlight" passes from the scrummage and getting a move on at once. There is, however, plenty of good material to pick from, both for this and the other places in the team. All things considered, therefore, we may expect both 'Varsities to have sides well above the average and to give us a match of exceptional interest on December 8.

H. S. S.

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Cesarewitch

UNTIL the Newbury meeting, last week was one of the slackest of the racing season. For want of a better topic the Cesarewitch was the chief subject of the discussion among the racing community. There seems to be two sets of opinion about the race. A great many people believe that it is a certainty for Tishy. Another section of race-goers affect to believe that this filly's capabilities have been over-rated. They say that no jockey riding at 6 st. 4 lb. will be able to extend her over the Cesarewitch course, one of the most strenuous known in racing both for horses and riders. Our experience takes us back to many instances of lightly-weighted candidates who were unluckily beaten in big handicaps owing to the inevitable lack of experience and want of strength of their jockeys. You cannot get your horse among the 6 st. lot and expect him to be ridden with the strength of a Carslake or a Frank Bullock.

Question of Jockeys

IT is just this question of jockeyship which is going to keep Tishy steady in the market right up to the end. I dare say her owner and trainer have already decided who will be on her back in the Cesarewitch, but up to the time of writing no definite announcement has been made on this important question. It has been stated that "Tommy" Weston will ride her. If that is true, the filly will not want for good horsemanship, for the North country lad is certainly one of the strongest and best horsemen of his weight who have been seen on the Turf since the days of Frank Wootton. On the other hand, Weston now goes to scale at something like 6 st. 12 lb., which means that Tishy would have to put up at least 7 lb. overweight if she is to enjoy his services in the big long-distance handicap. 7 lb. is a very substantial addition to the weight allotted by the handicapper, and Reggie Day's people must be extraordinarily confident if they saddle Tishy with this additional poundage.

Tishy's Rider

MY own idea was that they would put up Francis Bullock on the filly. He can do the weight without any wasting, and I don't think there is any better boy now riding at 6 st. What makes me think that Tishy holds a wonderful chance at the weights is the fact that the stable lost no time in striking Flamboyant out of the Cesarewitch. Even with his penalty there must have been bright prospects for this colt upon his Manchester and Doncaster running. It may be presumed that Tishy has been tried beyond all shadow of doubt to be better than Flamboyant at the weights, and providing she enjoys a reasonable amount of luck in the race she is obviously going to take a great deal of beating.

Her Rivals

UP to the present no great confidence appears to be displayed in other directions. It is true that Harrier has come to a tolerably short price, and I imagine that the Hon. George Lambton is tolerably hopeful of his success. The point is: has this colt improved in stamina? Because a year ago he signally failed to stay the full Cesarewitch distance. Another well-backed horse is Devizes. About ten days ago those who had supported him received a fright because he pulled up rather sore after one of his long gallops at Newmarket. Fortunately, he quickly became sound again, and looks like being one of Tishy's most formidable rivals. You can safely wipe out his running in the Ebor Handicap. A glance at him in the paddock at York that day was sufficient to show that the colt was in what is known as rather a jolly condition. Front Line has a solid chance on last year's running. It is probable, therefore, that the Cesarewitch is not going to be a one-horse race after all. Much as I respect Reginald Day's judgment I do not feel inclined to take the attenuated odds which are being offered about that filly just now. As a rule, there is an open market on the Cesarewitch, and you ought to get at least 5 to 1 about the favourite on the day of the race.

Jockey Club Stakes

THIS week we are at Newmarket again. The First October Meeting is not one of the most important of the year, but there is first class sport to be seen on each of the four days, and the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday is an event of considerable importance. It is not known at the time of writing whether Craig an Eran runs for this race. After his failure in the Leger, the idea was not to bring him out again this season. In his absence Lord Astor will still have a chance of winning with one of his three-year old fillies. I think, indeed, this valuable stake will go to the best from the Manton stable. My selection for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap on Wednesday is **Little Boy,** though Arch Gift is in such fine form just now that he will run well. On the concluding day of the meeting **Crubenmore** may win the Norwich Handicap, and I shall give **Stratford** in the Ditch Mile Nursery a chance to make amends for his curious display at Doncaster. **Westward Ho!** should take the Newmarket St. Leger.

In connection with the First October Meeting, to be held at Newmarket on September 27, 28, 29, and 30, the Great Eastern Railway Company are running restaurant and Pullman cars on the chief trains, and a first-class Pullman car express from St. Pancras at 10.50 a.m. on the 27th, 28th, and 29th instant, and at 10.10 a.m. on September 30.

NEXT WEEK!

COLOUR PAGES BY
LIONEL EDWARDS, HIGGINS,
MACMICHAEL & GRAHAM SIMMONS.

PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON
By A. W. COATEN.

A HUNTING SHORT STORY
By ARTHUR MILLS.

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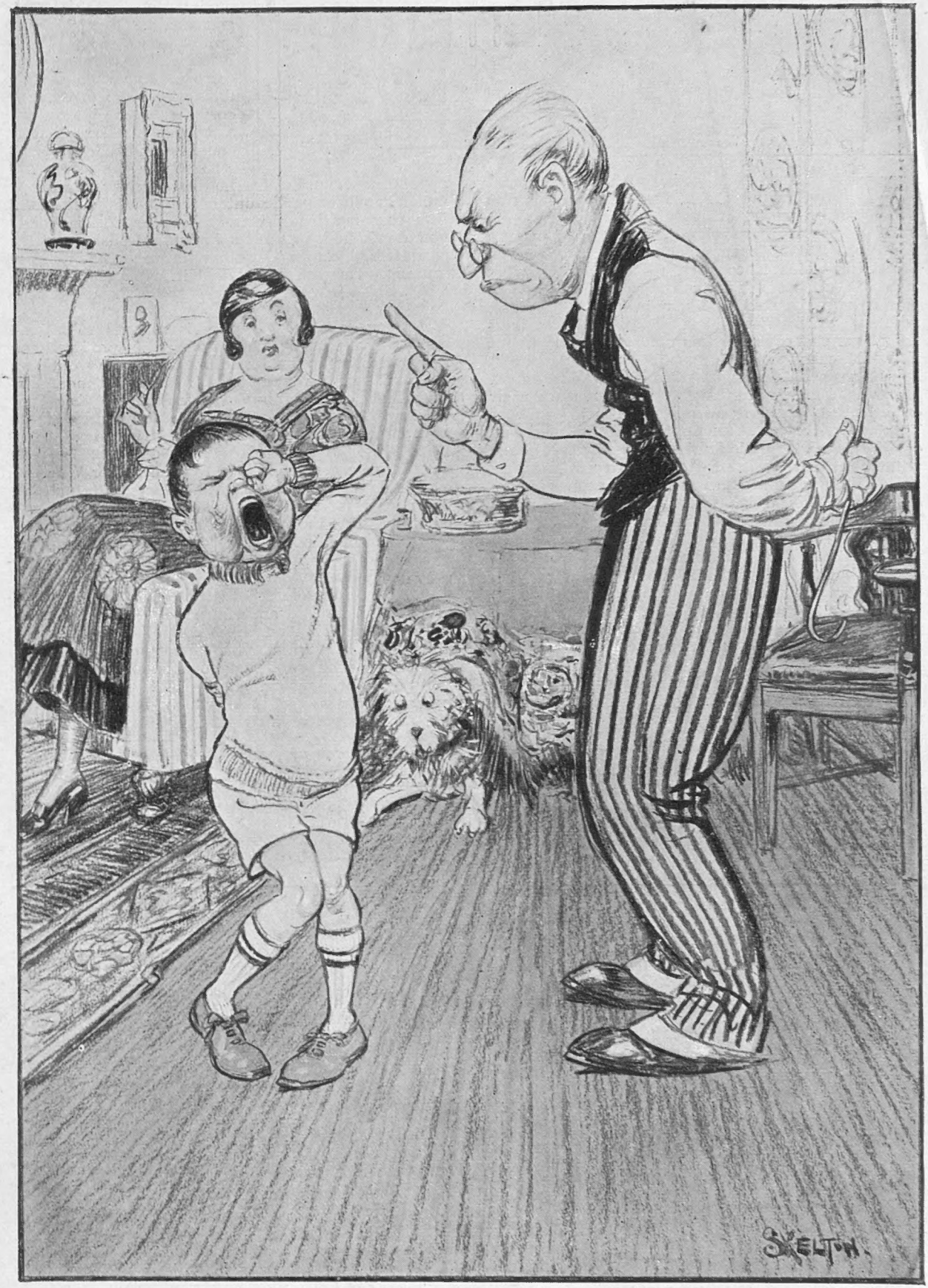
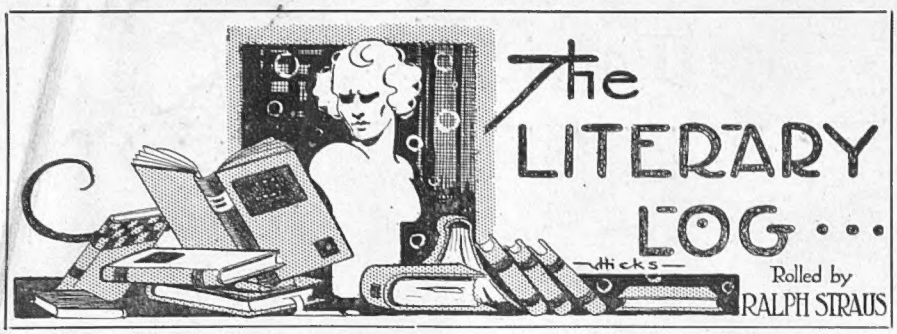
The Parricide



BY J. R. SKELTON

"My boy, what can you hope to be when you grow up?"
"A n'—n—n'orphan!"



WHY crime should have such an universal appeal is a matter for the psychologists to settle, but it is a fact that even the most respectable people simply revel in the business. (Perhaps they enjoy that feeling of superiority which is common to those who watch with the utmost satisfaction a man's hat being blown down the street. Their own hat, you see, is safe.) Mr. Charles Kingston does not worry himself about the cause of this universal interest, but in a book called *Remarkable Rogues* (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.*) he tells the stories of several criminals who have not, so far as I know, been much talked of since their crimes filled the newspapers. Here is a sketch of Tarnowska, the beautiful Countess whose wretched career was made public fourteen years ago. Here is an account, surely new to this country, of Kupfer, the German woman who swindled to some purpose during the War. That incredible story of Madam Rachel, who called herself a beauty specialist and blackmailed freely in the 'fifties in London, is also retold. Personally, I like best of all the girl bush-ranger; but why, oh why, did she not live fifty years later and perform all those wonderful feats of hers with a cinema-man handy? Mr. Kingston has no pretensions to literary style, but his Book of Scoundrels should please many readers.

⁂ ⁂

THAT old question about the proper length of a novel will probably cross your mind should you read Miss J. C. Sime's Canadian story, *Our Little Life* (Grant Richards: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a very long book, a very long book indeed. Once "into it" you will certainly read on to the end, but at one point or another you will assuredly ask yourself whether half the number of pages would not have sufficed to tell Robert Fulton's story. Little enough happens. Robert is an Englishman with a good education, forced to sell cheese in a Canadian shop for a living by day, but trying by night in his humble lodging in Penelope's Buildings to write a great book about this apparently unfriendly country to which he has come. And he remains without friends until Katie McGee, who lives on the floor below, a sort of travelling dressmaker and an old dear if ever there was one proffers her friendship, cautiously at first, but afterwards——. Afterwards Katie forgets her years and falls head over ears in love with poor Robert. She keeps her secret even from him, and the way she mothers him is told in the greatest detail and with quite unusual power. Katie is a real woman; you come to know her extraordinarily well: more, she compels your interest—a tribute to Miss Sime's cunning and care. But Robert is a bit of a disappointment, and when he dies you feel that too much has been made out of him. Yet *Our Little Life* contains big things. It is impressive, and you don't find yourself skipping, which is a fairly good test. Perhaps the story is too thin for its framing. But you should read it.

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IN these days when money is so hard to make, unless you have taken a course of profiteering, it is pleasant to be let into the secret of obtaining as much as you want with little more to assist you than an innocent face and a *flair* for picking out scoundrels. Mr. Bertram Atkey gives the game away, and all thanks to him. His *Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is the most frolicsome romance. Poor Winnie, on the death of her father, finds herself penniless, but she is fortunate enough to meet nasty men-creatures on the make, and in the simplest possible fashion she proceeds to take their money away from them. Nothing will stop her. It is simply wonderful. Money rolls in in every sort of way. Little Winnie scoops it up here, there, and everywhere, to the amazement of everybody, including herself. And if her methods are not always—well, ladylike, you cannot forget that she is dealing with wolfish people who deserve all they get, or, rather, lose. A joyous affair, these adventures of hers, which, I am glad to see, are not yet at an end.

R. S.

A CORDIAL WELCOME By A. T. Smith

DISRAELI GLADSTONE MUGGS (*churchwarden*): "We 'ave suffered a great loss in the old rector goin' away from us, and we believe and 'ope that the new rector will follow in 'is footsteps!"

JUDGING by the number and importance of the new books announced by the House of Cassell, the month of October promises to be a busy one. No less than four novels are to be issued: *The House of Adventure*, by Warwick Deeping; *Castles in the Air*, by Baroness Orczy; *The Bright Messenger*, by Algernon Blackwood; and *At Cupid's Call*, by May Christie. Reminiscences and biography will be strongly represented: Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart., has written a volume of *Recollections*; there will be the *Recollections of Dean Fremantle*, chiefly by himself, edited by the Master of the Temple; Brigadier-Gen. J. M. Gordon, C.B., is to give us *The Chronicles of a Gay Gordon*, while William Stewart has completed the "official" biography of *J. Keir Hardie*.